

 that the government of the United States

Eliza had no time to look after things in her own house. Her husband had one baby, but Eliza took care of the entire household. That child made her nervous, and as for house-keeping, that made her downright sick. Eliza did all the marketing, and her husband paid the bills. No, the meals and the work were not always done to suit her, but he thought women who cultivated their intellects could always rise above domestic difficulties. She did. When the meals weren't nice, of course it made her husband mad, but she had got into the habit of plunging into an article or a new book, and in that way she was able to forget her

through a bureau of domestic economy disseminate knowledge, not only of nutritive value of foods, but of nutritive bakery, architecture and landscape gardening.

As Commissioner Wright perceives and Congress admits, it is essential to the entrance of the American people in industry and ultimately as a nation that they be intelligently fed the study of nutritive bakery is no less a proper subject for

When death comes after one o' us,  
The ways o' Providence, I 'low,  
Are as they should be, enyhow.  
Folks eult me purty middlin' well,  
An' even at a funeral  
I'd sing, amid the grief an' woe,  
"Praise God, from whom all blessin's flow."

One in ordinary health need become bald  
gray if he will follow sensible treatment,  
advise cleanliness of the scalp and the use  
of the Hair Renewer.

## A ROOM DESCRIBED

you, Sara! It would have been of little account to us, however, if it had not lain well stocked. But it had white and black thread, needle book, some glove and button assortment, a pair of gloves, thread, darning cotton and a thimble. Both had occasion to use that basket. So we dressed the next morning, as usual as the pins in the cushion on the dressing case, in one of the drawers of which we found brushes, combs and hand mirror, and nail file, pad and nail powder. They were not in a fancy plush case, but in articles, bought for their utility and utility.

Of Course She Would.

never be worn at the play—not even in a box. A woman may put on her nuddest bodice and supplement its deficiencies with all the jewelry in her pocket for the opera.

ng wraps are dreams of beauty, in their gracefully flowing lines, and are formed of the most elegant fabrics, large flowered satin brocades lined with chinchilla, liver woven satins, and rich moire. The styles are wide to completely cover the identifying skirts, and the wrap is often bordered with ermine, the fur that has always been sacred to royalty. Fans are not nearly as large as for several seasons past, and a few styles predominating. It is quite a rare thing to see the silk and satin favorite dress, and painted with a personally selected design, by some celebrated artist. These caprices are, of

"Well, Tom bought and sent him to me." "Well, it's just like him."

—♦—

**Lucky.**

om Le Masque de Fer.

A little girl, busy working a pair of  
ippers as a birthday present for her  
father, said to a little playmate:  
"Oh! you are well off, you are; your  
dadda has only one leg!"